

A Little Pretty
P O C K E T - B O O K,
Intended for the
INSTRUCTION and AMUSEMENT
O F
LITTLE MASTER TOMMY,
A N D
PRETTY MISS POLLY.

With Two Letters from
J A C K the GIANT-KILLER;
A S A L S O

A B A L L and P I N C U S H I O N;
The Use of which will infallibly make *Tommy*
a good Boy, and *Polly* a good Girl.

To which is added,
A L I T T L E S O N G - B O O K,
B E I N G
*A New Attempt to teach Children the Use of
the English Alphabet, by Way of Diversion.*

L O N D O N :

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T O T H E
P A R E N T S,
G U A R D I A N S.
A N D
N U R S E S,
I N

GREAT-BRITAIN and IRELAND,

This Little

P O C K E T - B O O K

Is humbly inscribed,

B Y

Their most obedient Servant,

The A U T H O R.





A Little Pretty

POCKET-BOOK, &c.

THE grand Design in the Nurture of Children, is to make them *Strong, Hardy, Healthy, Virtuous, Wise and Happy*; and these good Purposes are not to be obtained without some Care and Management in their Infancy.

Would you have your Child *Strong*, take Care of your Nurse; let her be a prudent Woman, one that will give him what Meat and Drink is necessary, and such only as afford a good Nutri-

A 3

Wine,

Wine, &c. a Practice too common amongst some indulgent People. She must also let the child have due Exercise; for 'tis this that gives Life and Spirits, circulates the Blood, strengthens the Sinews, and keeps the whole Machinery in Order.

Would you have a *Hardy* Child, give him common Diet only, cloath him thin, let him have good Exercise, and be as much exposed to Hardships as his natural Constitution will admit. The Face of a Child, when it comes into the World, (says the great Mr. *Locke*) is as tender and susceptible of Injuries as any other Part of the Body; yet, by being always exposed, it becomes Proof against the severest Season and the most inclement Weather; even at a Time when the Body (tho' wrapp'd in Flannels) is pierced with Cold. It is beside my Purpose to give a physical Reason for this; nor indeed will the Brevity
of

of my Design admit of it. 'Tis a Fact sufficiently known, what every Man must be sensible of, and therefore can need no Demonstration.

Would you have a *Healthy* Son, observe the Directions already laid down with Regard to Diet and Exercise, and keep him, as much as possible, from Physic; for Physic is to the Body, as Arms to the State; both are necessary, but neither to be used but in Cases of Emergency and Danger.

Would you have a *Virtuous* Son, instil into him the Principles of Morality early, and encourage him in the Practice of those excellent Rules, by which whole Societies, States, Kingdoms and Empires are knit together. Take heed what Company you intrust him with, and be always sure to set him a good Example yourself.

Would you have a *Wise* Son, teach him to reason early. Let him read, and

make him understand what he reads. No Sentence should be passed over without a strict Examination of the Truth of it; and though this may be thought hard at first, and seem to retard the Boy in his Progress, yet a little Practice will make it familiar, and a Method of Reasoning will be acquired, which will be of Use to him all his Life after. Let him study Mankind; shew him the Springs and Hinges on which they move; teach him to draw Consequences from the Actions of others; and if he should hesitate or mistake, you are to set him right: But then take Care to do it in such a Manner, as to forward his Enquiries, and pave this his grand Pursuit with Pleasure. Was this Method of Reasoning put more in Practice by Tutors, Parents, &c. we should not see so many dismal Objects in the World, for People would learn by the Misfortunes of others to avert their own.

I doubt

I doubt not but every Parent, every Father and Mother, would gladly contribute what they could towards the Happiness of their Children; and yet it is surprising to see how blind they are, and how wide they mistake the Mark. What the indulgent Parent generally purposes for the Happiness of his Child, is a good Fortune to bear him up under the Calamities of Life; but daily Experience tells us, this is insufficient. Happiness and Misery have their Source from the Passions: If, in the Midst of the greatest Affluence, we are always repining, and think ourselves poor and miserable, we are so; and the Beggar in the Straw, who is content, and thinks he has sufficient, is rich and happy. The whole Matter subsists in the Mind, and the Constitution: Subdue therefore your Childrens Passions; curb their tempers, and make them subservient to the Rules of Reason. And this is
not

not to be done by chiding, whipping, or severe Treatment, but by Reasoning and mild Discipline. Were I to see my Son too much ruffled and discomposed, I should take him aside, and point out to him the Evils that attend passionate Men; tell him, that my Love for him would make me overlook many Faults, but that this was of so heinous a Nature, that I could not bear the Sight of him while he continued so wicked; that he should not see his Mother, nor any of his Play-mates, till he had sufficiently repented of that Crime: Upon which I would immediately order him (in a very calm Manner) to be shut up from any Company for five or six Hours, and then, upon his Confession of the Fault, asking Pardon on his Knees, and promising Amendment for the future I would forgive him. This Method, regularly pursued, would soon break his Passion of Resentment, and subdue it to Re-

g, son. The next prudent Step to be taken,
 ng is to check his inordinate craving and
 oy desiring almost every Thing he sees; and
 d, this, I think, might be as easily effected
 out as the other; for, in the first Place, I
 ate would lay down this as a Maxim with
 in him, that he should never have any thing
 lts he cryed for; and therefore, if he was
 Na willing to obtain any Favour, he must
 t o come with a reasonable Request, and
 tha withdraw without the Appearance of any
 y o Uneasiness in case of a Disappointment.
 ntl Some over-fond People will think these
 ick are harsh Precepts. What, say they,
 in are Children never to be obliged? I an-
 frower, Yes, I would have them obliged
 and and pleased, but not humoured and spoil-
 aul d. They should have what they asked
 omi for in a proper Manner; but then they
 vou should wait my Time, without seeming
 ular over solicitous, or crying after it. I would
 e affli make them exercise their Patience, that
 Re they might know the Use of it, when
 fo the

the Cares of the World came on. And therefore, I say again, Children should never have any Thing they cryed for ; no, not on any Consideration whatsoever.

*Children, like tender Officers, take the Bow,
And as they first are fashion'd, always grow.*
DRYDEN.

*'Tis Education forms the tender Mind;
Just as the Twig is bent, the Tree's inclin'd.*
POPE.





A
L E T T E R
F R O M

JACK the GIANT-KILLER.

T O

Little MASTER TOMMY.

My dear TOMMY,

YOUR Nurse called upon me To-day, and told me that you was a good Boy; that you was dutiful to your Father and Mother, and that, when you had said your Prayers in the Morning and the Evening, you asked their Bles-

Blessings, and in the Day-time did every Thing they bid you. She says, you are obedient to your Master, loving and kind to your Play-fellows, and obliging to every body; that you rise early in the Morning, keep yourself clean, and learn your Book; that when you have done a Fault you confess it, and are sorry for it. And though you are sometimes naughty she says you are very honest and good humoured; that you don't swear, tell Lies, nor say indecent Words, and are always thankful when any body give you good Advice; that you never quarrel, nor do wicked Things, as some other Boys do.

This Character, my Dear, has made every body love you; and, while you continue so good, you may depend on my obliging you with every thing I can. I have here sent you a *Little Pretty Pocket-Book*, which will teach you to play at all those innocent Games that

good Boys and Girls divert themselves with: And, while you behave so well, you shall never want Play I assure you. But then, my dear *Tommy*, in order that you may be as good as possible, I have also sent you a *Ball*, the one Side of which is *Red*, and the other *Black*, and with it *ten Pins*; and I must insist upon making this Bargain, that your Nurse may hang up the *Ball* by the String to it, and for every good Action you do, a *Pin* shall be stuck on the *Red Side*, and for every bad Action a *Pin* shall be stuck on the *Black Side*. And when by doing good and pretty Things you have got all the *ten Pins* on the *Red Side*, then I'll send you a *Penny*, and so I will as often as all the *Pins* shall be fairly got on that Side. But if ever the *Pins* be all found on the *Black Side* of the *Ball*, then I'll send a *Rod*, and you shall be whipt as often as they are found there. But this,

my

my Dear, I hope you'll prevent by continuing a good Boy, that every body may still love you, as well as

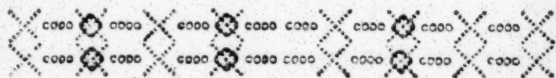
Your Friend,

JACK *the* GIANT-KILLER.

P. S. When you are tired with playing I have added, for your further Amusement, a Collection of pretty Songs which your Nurse will take Care to teach you; and I must insist on your getting them perfectly, because the Knowledge of these Songs will recommend you to the Favour of all the Gentlemen and Ladies of *England* who sing in that Manner.



A L E T



A

L E T T E R

F R O M

JACK the GIANT-KILLER,

T O

Pretty MISS POLLY.

Dear Miss POLLY,

YOUR Nurse called upon me To-
day, and told me that you was a
good Girl; that you was dutiful to your
Father and Mother, and that, when
you had said your Prayers in the Morn-
ing and the Evening, you asked their
Bless-

Blessings, and in the Day-time did every Thing they bid you. She says, you are obedient to your Mistress, loving and kind to your Play-fellows, and obliging to every body ; that you rise early in the Morning, keep yourself clean, and learn your Book ; that when you have done a Fault you confess it, and are sorry for it. And though you are sometimes naughty, she says you are very honest and good-humoured ; that you don't tell Lies, nor say indecent Words, and are always thankful when any body gives you good Advice ; that you never quarrel, nor do wicked Things, as some other Girls do.

This Character, my Dear, has made every body love you ; and, while you continue so good, you may depend on my obliging you with every thing I can. I have here sent you a *Little Pretty Pocket-Book*, which will teach you to play at all those innocent Games that
good

good Boys and Girls divert themselves with: And, while you behave so well, you shall never want Play, I assure you. But then, my dear *Polly*, in order that you may be as good as possible, I have also sent you a *Pincushion*, the one Side of which is *Red*, and the other *Black*, and with it *ten Pins*; and I must insist upon making this Bargain, that your Nurse may hang up the *Pincushion* by the String to it, and for every good Action you do, a *Pin* shall be stuck on the *Red Side*, and for every bad Action a *Pin* shall be stuck on the *Black Side*. And when by doing good and pretty Things you have got all the *ten Pins* on the *Red Side*, then I'll send you a *Penny*, and so I will as often as all the *Pins* shall be fairly got on that Side. But if ever the *Pins* be all found on the *Black Side* of the *Pincushion*, then I'll send a *Rod*, and you shall be whipt as often as they are found there. But this, my Dear, I hope you'll prevent by con-

tinuing a good Girl, that every body may
still love you, as well as

Your Friend,

J A C K *the* GIANT-KILLER.

P. S. When you are tired with playing,
I have added, for your further Amuse-
ment, a Collection of pretty Songs,
which your Nurse will take Care to
teach you; and I must insist on your
getting them perfectly, because the
Knowledge of these Songs will re-
commend you to the Favour of all the
Gentlemen and Ladies of *England* who
sing in this Manner.

ADVERTISEMENT.

A worthy and learned Gentleman, whose
Presence I am at this time honoured with,
intimates, that it would not be amiss for
some Gentleman to keep a *Ball* contrived
in this Manner. and some Ladies a *Pin-*
cushion, by way of Diary, especially if
they are often apt to forget themselves.

CHUCK-

The great A Play.



CHUCK-FARTHING.

AS you value your Pence,
At the *Hole* take your Aim;
Chuck all safely in,
And you'll win the Game.

M O R A L.

Chuck-Farthing, like Trade,
Requires great Care;
The more you observe,
The better you'll fare.

The little a Play.



Flying the KITE.

UPHELD in Air, the gaudy Kite,
High as an Eagle takes her Flight;
But if the Winds their Breath restrain,
She tumbles headlong down again.

RULE of LIFE.

Soon as thou seest the Dawn of Day,
To God thy Adoration pay.

Danci

The great B Play.



Dancing round the MAY-POLE.

WITH Garlands here the May-Pole
crown'd,
And all the Swains a dancing round,
Compose a num'rous jovial Ring,
'To welcome in the chearful Spring.

RULE of LIFE.

Leave God to manage, and to grant
'That which his Wisdom sees thee want

The little b Play.



T A W.

KNUCKLE down to your *Taw*,
Aim well, shoot away;
Keep out of the *Ring*,
And you'll soon learn to play.

M O R A L.

Time rolls like a *Marble*.
And awes ev'ry State;
Then husband each Moment,
Before 'tis too late.

HOOF

The great C Play.



HOOP and HIDE.

GO hide out, and hoop,
Whilst I go to sleep:
If you I can't find,
My Post I must keep.

M O R A L.

With Carefulness watch
Each Moment that flies,
To keep Peace at Home,
And ward off Surprize.

THREAD

The little c Play.



THREAD the NEEDLE.

HERE Hand in Hand the Boys unite
And form a very pleasing Sight;
Then thro' each other's Arms they fly,
As Thread does thro' the Needle's Eye

RULE of LIFE.

Talk not too much ; sit down content,
That your Discourse be pertinent.

FISHING

The great D Play.



F I S H I N G.

THE arful Angler baits his Hook,
And throw it gently in the Brook;
Which the Fish view with greedy Eyes,
And soon are taken by Surprise.

RULE of LIFE.

Learn well the Motions of the Mind;
Why you are made, for what design'd.

BLIND-

The little d Play.



BLINDMAN'S BUFF.

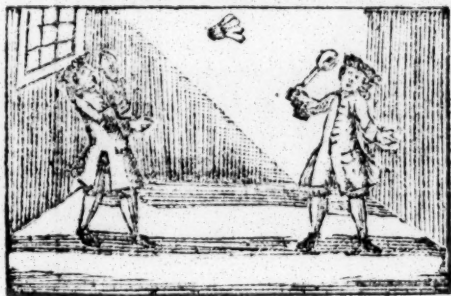
BEREFT of all Light,
I stumble alone;
But, if I catch you,
My Doom is your own,

M O R A L.

How blind is that Man.
Who scorns the Advice
Of Friends, who intend
To make him more wise;

SHUTTLE-

The great E Play.



SHUTTLE-COCK.

THE *Shuttle-Cock* struck
Does backward rebound ;
But, if it be miss'd,
It falls to the Ground.

MORAL.

Thus chequer'd in Life,
As Fortune does flow ;
Her Smiles lift us high,
Her Frowns sink us low.

KING



KING I AM.

AMBITION here fires every Heart,
And all assume the Monarch's Part;
For a few Minutes, though in Play,
Each rules with arbitrary Sway,

RULE of LIFE.

Descend into thyself, to find
The Imperfections of thy Mind.

REC.

The great F Play.



PEG-FARTHING.

SOON as the Ring is once compos'd,
The Coin is in the Centre clos'd;
And then the wish'd-for Prize to win,
The Top that drives it out must spin.

RULE of LIFE.

Be silent if you doubt your Sense,
And always speak with Diffidence.

KNOCK

The little f Play.



KNOCK OUT *and* SPAN.

STRIKE out your *Taw* strong;
For the very next Man
Will bear off the Prize,
If you come to a *Span*.

MORAL.

This *Span*, my dear Boy,
Shou'd your Monitor be;
'Tis the Length of a Life,
As we oftentimes see.

HO

The great G Play.



HOP, STEP, and JUMP.

HOP short and *Step* safe,
To make your *Jump* long;
This Art oft has beat
Th' Efforts of the Strong.

M O R A L.

This old Maxim take,
I' embelish your Book;
Think well are you talk,
And, ere you leap, look.

C

Boys

The little g Play.



Boys and Girls come out to Play.

AFTER a sultry Summer's Day,
When the Moon shines, and Stars
are gay;
The Nymphs and Swains well pleas'd
advance,
And spend the Ev'ning in a Dance.

RULE of LIFE.

Reflect To-day upon the Last,
And freely own thy Errors past.

I sent

The great H Play.



I sent a LETTER to my LOVE.

THE Lads and Lasses here are seen,
All gaily tripping o'er the Green;
But one among them, to her Cost,
The Treasure of her Heart has lost.

RULE of LIFE.

If prosperous, of Pride beware;
Changes of Fortune frequent are.

The little h Play.



PITCH *and* HUSSEL.

POISE your Hand fairly,
And pitch plum your Slat;
Then shake for all Heads,
And turn down the Hat.

M O R A L.

How fickle's this Game!
So Fortune or Fate
Decrees our Repentance,
When oft 'tis too late.

CRICKET.

The great I Play.



CRICKET.

e

THIS Lesson observe,
When you play at *Cricket*,
Catch *All* fairly out,
Or bowl down the *Wicket*.

MORAL.

This Maxim regard,
Now you're in your Prime;
Look ere 'tis too late;
By the Fore-lock take *Time*.

The little i Play.



STOOL-BALL.

THE *Ball* once struck with Art and
Care,
And drove impetuous through the Air,
Swift round his Course the *Gamester* flies
Or his *Stool's* taken by Surprise.

RULE of LIFE.

Bestow your Alms whene'er you see
An Object in Necessity.

SWIM

The great K Play.



S W I M M I N G .

WHEN the Sun's Beams have
warm'd the Air,
Our Youth to some cool Brook repair;
In whose refreshing Streams they play,
To the last Remnant of the Day.

RULE of LIFE.

Think ere you speak; for Words, once
flown,
Once utter'd, are no more your own.

The little k Play.



B A S E - B A L L.

THE *Ball* once struck off,
Away flies the *Boy*
To the next destin'd Post,
And then Home with Joy.

M O R A L.

Thus *Britons* for *Lucre*
Fly over the Main,
But, with Pleasure transported,
Return back again.

T R A P -

The great L Play.



TRAP-BALL.

TOUCH lightly the *Trap*,
And strike low the *Ball*;
Let none catch you out,
And you'll beat them all.

MORAL.

Learn hence, my dear Boy,
To avoid ev'ry Snare,
Contriv'd to involve you
In Sorrow and Care.

TIP-

The little 1 Play.



TIP - CAT.

THE *Gamester* here his Art displays
And drives the Cat a thousand
Ways ;

For should he miss, when once 'tis toss'd
He's out—And all his Sport is lost.

RULE of LIFE.

Debates and Quarrels always shun ;
No one by Peace was e'er undone.

The great M Play.



F I V E S.

WITH what great Force the little
Ball

Rebounds, when struck against the Wall!
See how intent each Gamester stands;
Mark well his Eyes, his Feet, his Hands!

RULE of LIFE.

Know this (which is enough to know)
Virtue is Happiness below.

LEAP-

The little m Play.



LEAP-FROG.

THIS stoops down his Head,
Whilst that springs up high;
But then you will find,
He'll, stoop by and by.

MORAL.

Just so 'tis at Court;
To-day you're in Place;
To-morrow-perhaps,
You're quite in Disgrace.

The great N Play.



B I R D S - N E S T I N G .

HERE two naughty Boys,
Hard-hearted in Jest,
Deprive a poor Bird
Of her young and her Nest.

M O R A L .

Thus Men out of Joke
(Be't spoke to their Shame)
Too often make free
With others good Name.

T R A I N .

The little n Play.



TRAIN-BANDING.

THE *Serjeant-Hero* here appears,
Strutting before his *Grenadiers*;
And leads his mighty valiant Men,
First up the Hill, then down again.

RULE of LIFE.

Judge not between two Friends, but see
If you can bring them to agree.

The great O Play.



All the BIRDS in the AIR.

HERE various Boys stand round the
Room,
Each does some favourite Bird assume;
And if the *Slave* once hits his Name,
He's then made free, and crowns the
Game.

RULE of LIFE.

Live well, and then, die soon or late,
For ever happy is your State.

HOP-

The little o Play.



H O P - H A T.

O'ER this *Hat*, and that,
Boys hop to the last;
Which, once in their Mouths,
Behind them is cast.

M O R A L.

Thus Men often struggle,
Some Bliss to obtain;
Which, once in their Pow'r,
They treat with Disdain.

SHOOTING

The great P Play.



S H O O T I N G.

TH O' some *Birds*, too heedless,
Dread no Danger nigh;
Yet still by the *Fowlers*
They instantly die.

M O R A L.

From hence we may learn
That, by one thoughtless Trip,
Strange Accidents happen
'Twixt the Cup and the Lip.

D

Hor-

The little p Play.



HOP - SCOTCH.

FIRST make with Chalk an oblong
 Square,
 With wide Partitions here and there;
 Then to the first a *Tile* convey;
 Hop in—then kick the *Tile* away.

RULE of LIFE.

Strive with good Sense to stock your
 Mind,
 And to that Sense be Virtue join'd.

Who

The great Q Play.



Who will play at my SQUARES?

THIS well-invented Game's design'd
To strike the *Eye* and form the *Mind* ;
And he most doubtless aims aright,
Who joins *Instruction* with *Delight*.

RULE of LIFE.

So live with Men, as if God's Eye
Did into every Action pry.

The little q Play.



R I D I N G.

IN Quest of his Game,
The *Sportsman* rides on;
But falls off his Horse
Before he has done.

M O R A L.

Thus Youth without Thought,
Their Amours pursue;
Tho' an Age of Pain
Does often accrue.

The great R.



Great A, B, and C,

And tumble down D,

The Cat's a blind Buff,

End she cannot see.

a, b, c, d.

D :

Great

The little r.



G^{reat} **E**, **F**, and **G**,

Come here follow me,

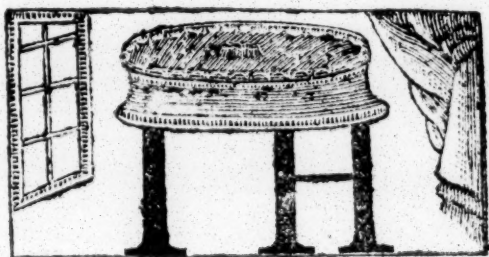
And we'll jump over

The Rosemary Tree.

e, f, g.

Here's

The great S.



Here's great **H**, and **I**,

With the Christmas Pye;

Who will eat the Plumbs out:

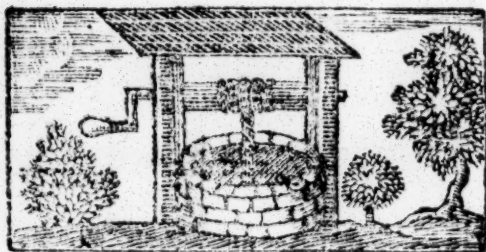
I, **H**, and **I**.

h, i.

D 4

Here's

The little s.



Here's great K, and L,

Pray Dame can you tell,

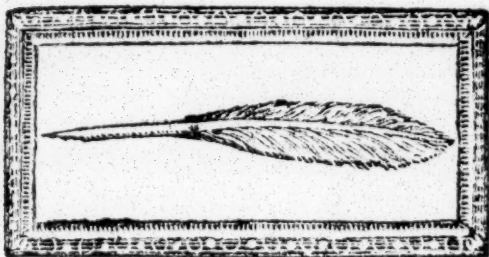
Who put the Pig-Hog

Down into the Well?

k, l.

Here's

The great T.



Here's great M, and N,

Are come back again,

To bring the good Boy

A fine Golden Pen.

m, n,

SO

The little t.



SO great O, and P,

Pray what do you see?

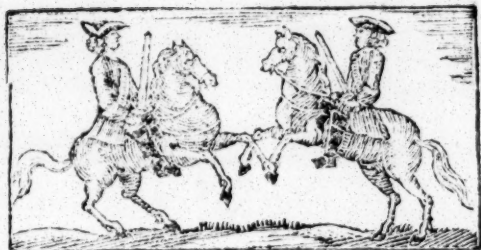
A naughty Boy whipt;

But that is not me.

o, p.

Here's

The great U.



Here's great *Q*, and *R*,

Are both come from far,
To bring you good News
About the *French* War.

q, r.

SO

The little u.



So S, T, and U,

Pray how do you do?

We thank you—the better

For seeing of you.

s, t, u.

Here's

The great W.



Here's W, and X,

Good Friends do not vex,

All Things will go well

Dear W, and X.

W, X.

There's

The little w.



THere's great Y, and Z,

On a Horse that is mad:

If you fall down, farewell

Poor great Y and Z.

y, z.

The great X.



F A B L E I.

The WOLF and the KID.

AS the Goat went to brouze,
Thus her Charge did begin;
Be advis'd, my dear *Kid*,
And let nobody in.
The *Wolf* hearing this
For Admittance did try.
But the *Kid* answer'd, No;
I'll not trust you, not I.

The little x.

To Master Tommy, or Miss Polly.

YOU see, my Dear, the little *Kid*,
by taking her Parent's Advice,
preserved her own Life; for had she
been so wicked as to have neglected
what the *Goat* (her Mother) said to her,
and had open'd the Door, the *Wolf*
would certainly have torn her to pieces.
Take care therefore to do always as your
Papa and Mamma, or your Master and
Mistress shall direct you, and you'll ob-
lige,

Your old Friend,

JACK the Giant-Killer.



F A B L E

The great Y.



F A B L E II.

The HUSBANDMAN and the STORK.

A *Stork*, thro' Misfortune,
Trepann'd by a *Crane*,
Was pleading his good Deeds,
But pleaded in vain.
The *Crane* is a Villain,
The *Farmer* replies,
And he that's his Comrade
Most certainly dies.

E

To

The little y.

To Master Tommy, or Miss Polly.

YOU see, my Dear, the sad Effects of keeping bad Company; if the poor harmless *Stork* had not been in Company with the wicked *Crane*, he might probably have lived till this Day; therefore of all Things take care what Sort of Children you play with, for those that are wicked will make you so too; and nothing will more displease

Your sincere Friend,

JACK *the* Giant-killer.



F A B L E

The great Z.



F A B L E III.

The SHEPHERD'S BOY.

A Wanton young *Shepherd*,
Tho' no Danger near,
Cries out to his Neighbours,
The *Wolf*, Sirs, is here.
They come, and are laugh'd at;
Soon he roars out again,
Now the *Wolf's* here indeed,
But his cries are in vain.

The little z.

To Master Tommy, or Miss Polly.

THIS Boy's Fate, my Dear, is a remarkable Instance of the Folly and Wickedness of telling Lies; if he had not deceived the People before, they would have believed him, and ran to his Assistance, by which Means both he and his Sheep might have been saved, which are now torn to Pieces; I hope you'll remember this, my Dear, and resolve in yourself never to tell a Lie; for if you do, I shall be very angry.

I am

Your hearty Friend,

JACK *the* Giant-killer.

F A B L E



F A B L E IV.

MERCURY *and the* WOODMAN.

A *Woodman*, at Work,
 Dropp'd his Ax in a Pond,
 And in Sorrow and Tears,
 His Disaster bemoan'd.

Merc'ry brings one all Gold,
 And cries, Friend, is this thine?
 No, Sir, (says the Woodman)

Mine was not so fine.
 Then he shew'd him the right,
Ah! that's mine by my Troth:
 Thou art honest, says *Merc'ry*,
 So, Friend, take them both.

To Master Tommy, or Miss Polly.

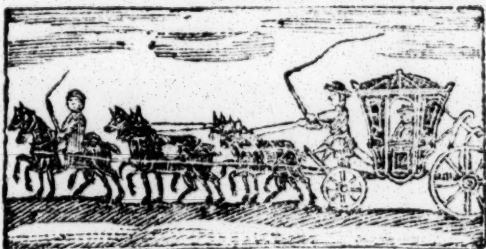
BY this you may see, my Dear, that *Honesty is the best Policy*; had Mercury found the Woodman a Rogue, he would not have given him any Thing; but as he was an honest Man, he not only gave him his own Ax, but a golden one also. Consider, my Dear, 'tis a fine Thing to have a *Golden Ax*, and at the same Time the Love and Esteem of all the World besides, and that you will certainly have if you are strictly honest.

I am

Your affectionate Friend,

JACK the Giant-killer.

S I R,



S I R,

THere was in my Country a little Boy, who learned his Book to that surprising Degree, that his Master could scarce teach him fast enough, for he had his Lesson almost as soon as it was pointed out to him: which raised the Attention of every Body; and as he was also very dutiful to his Parents and obliging to his Playmates, every Body loved him. His Learning and Behaviour purchased him the Esteem of the greatest People, and raised him from a mean State of Life to a Coach and Six, in which he rides to this Day. Learning is a most excellent Thing, and is easily acquired too, when little Boys set themselves earnestly about it. I know several Masters at this Time, who all bid fair for the same Honour the above Gentleman enjoys.

I am, Sir, &c.



M A D A M,

I Know of a little Lady, no bigger than your pretty Miss, who has behaved so well that every body is in Love with her. She is extremely dutiful to her Parents and Governors, kind to her School-fellows, and obliging to every body. Then she learns her Book to Admiration, works well with her Needle, and is so modest, so willing to do as she is bid, and so engaging in Company, that my Lady *Meanwell* has made her a Present of a fine Gold Watch, and declares that she shall ride in her own Coach. 'Tis this Learning, Madam, and good Behaviour, that brings us the Esteem of the whole World.

I am, Madam, yours, &c.



A little Boy and Girl at Prayers.

ALL good Boys and Girls say their Prayers at Night and in the Morning, which makes God Almighty love and bless them.



*A little Boy and Girl asking a Blessing of
their Parents.*

ALL good Boys and Girls kneel down every Morning and Evening, and ask their Parents Blessing in these Words, " Pray Papa and Mamma, pray to God " to bless me, and make me his true and " faithful Servant." Which makes their Friends love them.



A little Boy and Girl reading.

ALL good Boys and Girls take care
 to learn their Lessons, and read in
 a pretty Manner; which makes every
 Body admire them.



*A little Boy and Girl bestowing their
Charity.*

ALL good Boys and Girls, when they see a poor Man, or Woman, or Child, in Want, will give them either Money, or such Meat and Drink as they have to spare; which makes the whole World love them.

A



A

POETICAL DESCRIPTION
OF THE
FOUR SEASONS.
I. SPRING.

THE Bloom of Youth upon his
Cheek is seen,
And where he treads fresh Flowers deck
the Green ;

His

His fragrant Breath perfumes the Ev'ning
 Skies,
 And tun'd to him the *Sylvan* Strains
 arise ;
 A pointed Javelin in his Hand he bears,
 And on his Head a Golden Helmet
 wears,
 For then begins the stern *Bellona's* Rage,
 And hostile Realms in bloody Wars
 engage :
 His calm Approach revives the peaceful
 Plain,
 But leads on Death where Discord holds
 its Reign.





II. S U M M E R.

IN filken Garb array'd of chearful
 Green,
 Was sportive *Summer* next advancing
 seen ;
 A gilded Quiver at his Shoulder
 hung,
 And in his Hand he trail'd a Bow unbent
 along.

His

His tawny Brow with faded Flow'rs was
crown'd,

And studded thick with Drops of Sweat
around.

As if fatigu'd with the laborious Chace,
Or faint with Heat in sultry *Titan's*
Rays,

He moving slow invok'd the friendly
Air,

And sought the cooling Streams to
quench his Burning there.





III. A U T U M N.

AUTUMN succeeds in flaming Yellow clad,
With Fullness smiling, and with Plenty glad.

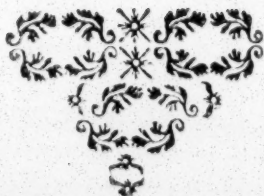
Laden with sunny Fruits of ev'ry Kind,
He dar'd the Clod that waited close behind.

A Wreath of ripen'd Corn his Temples bound,
Enrich'd with Leaves and clust'ring Grapes around.

F

An

An Harvest Crook employ'd his better
Hand,
To reap the Grain and ease the burden'd
Land.





IV. W I N T E R.

WINTER was last in woolly Robes
 array'd,
 And bent with feeble Age his hoary Head.
 Shrunk in himself he wrapt his Garments
 close,
 And inly trembled as the Tempest rose.
 His Length of Beard and deep indented
 Brow,
 Were whiten'd o'er with an eternal Snow;

Prone to the Earth his bending Back
 declin'd,
 And almost froze, he shiver'd in the Wind
 Propp'd on a Staff he slowly mov'd along
 And round him loud insulting *Boreas*
 rung.





T I M E's ADDRESS
To

PLUTUS and CUPID.

By Way of APPLICATION.

TIS I who measure vital Space,
And deal out Years to human Race;
Who' little priz'd and seldom sought,
Without me Love and Gold are nought.

F 3

By

By me all useful Arts are gain'd,
 Wealth, Learning, Wisdom, is attain'd.
 So subtle and so swift I fly,
 Love's not more fugitive than I.
 How heedless then are Mortals grown!
 How little is their Int'rest known!
 In ev'ry View they ought to mind me
 For when once lost they never find me.





SELECT
P R O V E R B S

For the USE of
C H I L D R E N.

A Fool's Bolt is soon shot.
A good Beginning, a good Ending.
A Fool and his Money are soon parted.
After Dinner sit a while,
After Supper walk a Mile.
After a Storm cometh a Calm.

As good sit still, as rise up and fall.
 A hasty Man never wants Woe.
 Birds of a Feather will flock together.
 The burnt Child dreads the Fire.
 Better the End of a Feast than the Beginning of a Fray.
 Enough's as good as a Feast.
 Fine Feathers make fine Birds.
 First come, first serv'd.
 Faint Heart never won fair Lady.
 Fair and softly goes far.
 Fast bind, fast find.
 Good Wine needs no Bush.
 Hunger is the best Sauce.
 If a Man deceive me once, 'tis his Fault;
 If twice, 'tis my own.
 It's a good Horse that never stumbles,
 It's a good Wife that never grumbles.
 Make Hay while the Sun shines.

Nothing's

Nothing's so certain as Death.

Necessity has no Law.

New Lords, new Laws.

None so proud as an enrich'd Beggar.

Pride will have a Fall.

Proffer'd Service stinks.

Set a Knave to catch a Knave.

Two Heads are better than one.

Too much Familiarity breeds Contempt.

They who are bound must obey.

Time and Tide stay for no Man.

Tell Truth and shame the Devil.

The best may mend.

Truth may be blam'd, but can't be sham'd.

The new Broom sweeps clean.

The Eye is bigger than the Belly.

The Weakest goes to the Wall.

When the Fox preaches beware of the
Geese.

Wisdom

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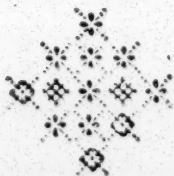
Wisdom

Wisdom is better than Riches.

Try your Friend before you trust him.

Look not a gift Horse in the Mouth.

A Bird in the Hand is worth two in the
Bush.



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2. **NURSE TRUELOVE'S NEW-YEAR'S-GIFT:** Or, The BOOK of BOOKS for Children. Embellished with Cuts; and designed for a Present to every little Boy, who would become a great Man, and ride upon a fine Horse; and to every little Girl, who would become a great Woman, and ride in a Lord Mayor's gilt Coach. Price *Two-pence*, bound and gilt.

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Books printed for Newbery & Carnan.

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Who

Books printed for Newbery & Carnan.

Who from a State of Rags and Care,
And having Shoes but half a Pair,
Their Fortune and their Fame would fix,
And Gallop in a Coach and fix.

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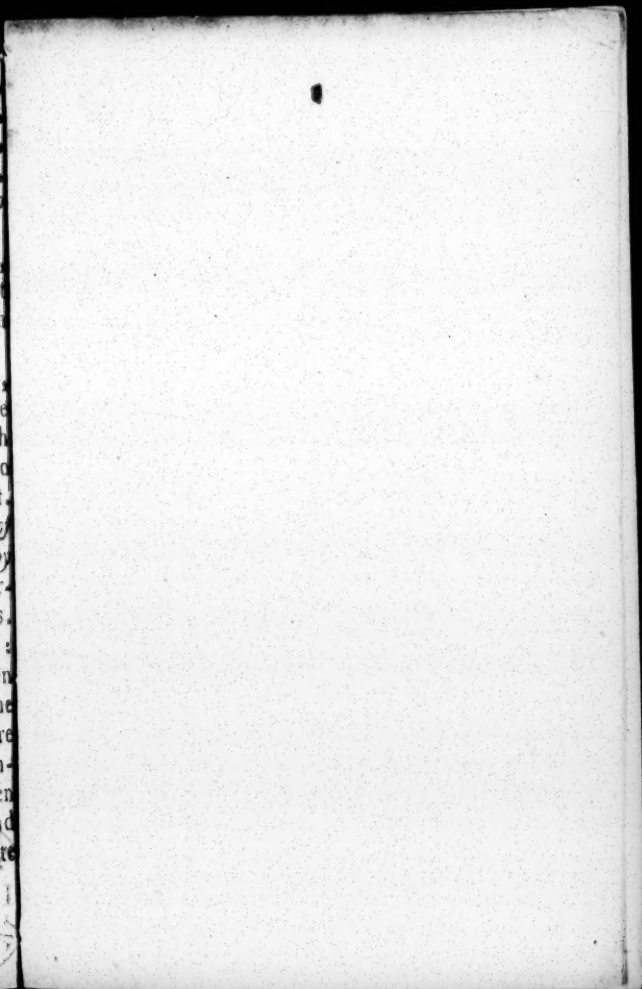
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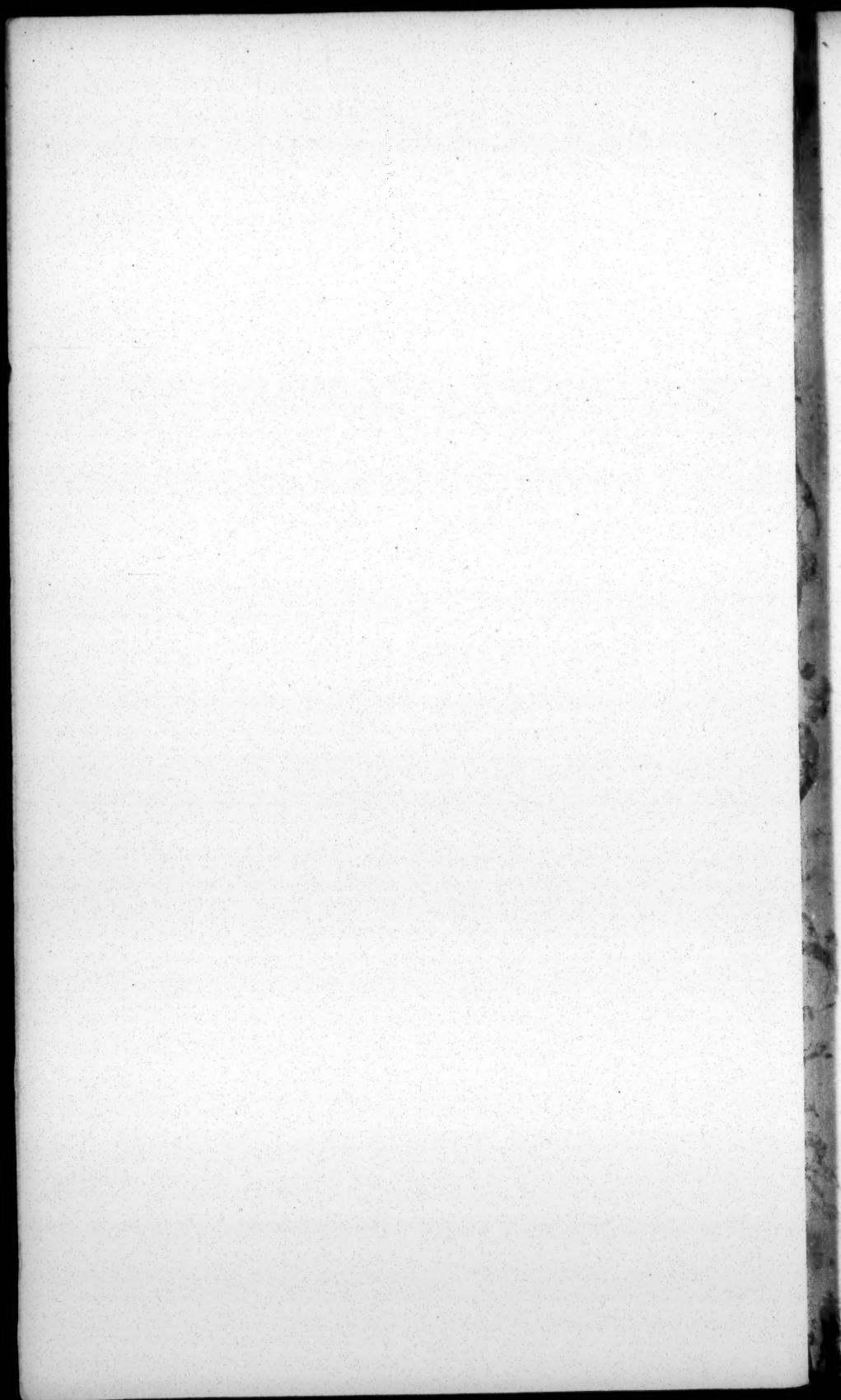
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